

The Tragidie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Quene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched Anne thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me anothe horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

of Richard

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by me
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole
My conscience hath a thousand feares
And euery tongue brings in a feare
And euery tale condemnes me for a
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyref
All feuerall sinnes, all vsde in each de
Throng all to the barre, crying all, g
I shall dispaire, there is no creature
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me
And wherefore should they? since th
Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe
Me thought the soules of all that I ha
Came to my tent, and euery one did
To morrowes vengeance on the hea

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. My Lord tis I: the carely vill
Haue thrice done salutation to the mo
Your friends are vp, and buckle on th
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dream'd a fea
What thinkest thou, will our friends p

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe I feare, I feare,

Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affri

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadow
Haue strooke more terrour to the soul

Then can the substance of ten thousan
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow

Tis not yet neere day come goe with
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dr

To heare if any meane to shrinke from

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.